Hitler surprisingly climbs into the seats of the mighty, the foundering or birth of a civilisation is announced.

In truth, there can be no crisis in any absolute sense, since life, like the King's Government, must be carried on. Life survived even the coming of the Ice Age, and will doubtless survive Mussolini. A great while ago the world began, and its end is not yet. If this earth on which we live for a little while were to-night pounded into dust, and that dust scattered, still the universe would remain to fulfil its mysterious destiny—a destiny in which we, as belonging to the universe, must participate. A crisis is inconceivable for creatures who are born and must die, who must endure their going hence even as their coming hither. A traveller going he knows not whither and coming he knows not whence, cannot be said to lose his way.

If, however, there can be no absolute crisis in the affairs of mortal men, there are periods of relative stability and instability, relatively eventful and uneventful periods; periods in which men are more conscious than at others of the precariousness of their fleshly life, and less conscious that as it was in the beginning, so it is now and ever shall be. The decade just ended may legitimately be regarded as unusually eventful. There can seldom in ten years have been fewer days on which a chief sub-editor was embarrassed for lack of news. For chief sub-editors, if for no one else, it has been a good time.

The present is always chaos, its prophets always charlatans, its values always false. When it has become the past, and may be looked back on, only then is it possible to detect order under-

lying the chaos, truth underlying the charlatanry, inexorable justice underlying the false values. That man had to speak, and that man had to be silent; that man had to rise to power, and that man fill; that victory had to be won, and that defeat suffered. Looked back on, the past makes a pattern, every element of which, however trivial, is necessary to the whole; each incident, each word spoken, the tilt of each hat, the modulation of each voice, falling into its place. Then it is apparent that nothing takes place aimlessly, no oi^e exists aimlessly; that truly